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EDITORIALS

Of People and Things

THE UNBEATABLE ROOSEVELT

It leaks out now that the North African coup de main which has caught Hitler in the solar plexus was not a product of the British high command, nor was it engineered by the American general staff.

It was first thought of and planned by the commander-in-chief of the American forces—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The President is an ex-navy man. He was assistant secretary of the navy under Woodrow Wilson. He is a sea-dog, has a passion for the wide oceans, loves the smell of salt water. The rush of great ships through the waves is music in his ears.

It is believed that Roosevelt is looking strictly to the sea fights in the Pacific, every one of which has been a success for the American fleets.

And so, what manner of man is this that is always a winner in politics, statesmanship, war?

Does he carry the germ of victory in his cosmos?

But they say (who are "they?") he is fast losing out. Ham Fish carried the President's own district overwhelmingly. Jim Farley won in the New York gubernatorial primary over the President's choice for Democratic governor.

There are curious paradoxes in politics that are rarely explained. Senator Tom Conally said the other day:

"The Democrats who opposed Roosevelt got re-elected. And the Republicans who supported Roosevelt got re-elected.

In the last presidential contest nearly all the great controlled newspapers fought Roosevelt bitterly. Many of the big politicians, the big bracketeers, the super-wealthy combinations of power and privilege were his enemies.

But the common man was his friend. And the good Lord must love the common man else he wouldn't have made so many of them (us).

And so, dear friends, if in the inscrutable course of human events it should so transpire that this man should again be put up by the common people for a fourth term as President of these United States, all hell couldn't beat him.

CORN SHUCKING TIME

On a hundred plantations great piles of corn occupy the center of circles of men from whose hands a cascade of beautiful ears are falling.

One of the best yields of corn for many years is being cribbed. "Old Dan Tucker has corn to sell."

Corn is the mud sill of our prosperity on the farm. It is good food for man and beast. It makes fat the porkers in the pen, and its grain converted into "backbone and sparerib" and the "ham what am"—oh, child, hush your mouth.

How happy it would be if we could send shipload after shipload of corn to the starving slaves of Hitler.

After the corn pile is shucked the men wash their hands, and go in to sit down to a splendid meal prepared by the good women.

And if there is a handsome young guy in the crowd of shuckers who found the first red ear, he is privileged to kiss the fair daughter of "old Dan Tucker"—provided of course he has the nerve, the perspicacity and the consent of the young lady.

JAUNTY SPORTS ARE THE TREES

Before Cleopatra applied the asp to her bosom she first decked herself in an ensemble of the east's most gorgeous apparel—rich gold brocades surmounting priceless laces whose delicate tints were borrowed from the fall shades of the Nile deltas. The Egyptian hills in their voluptuous coloring contributed to the regal attire of the enchantress. It was the dress that Caesar loved.

And Mary Queen of Scots—when she was led to the block. A gown of pure crimson, suggesting the blood soon to flow. A cross of gold in her hand. A cluster of pearls, worth a king's ransom, clasping her marble throat. A tiara of diamonds flashing defiance to the mob, flashing defiance to the watching circe of the Medici—Katherine her Nemesis.

And then Joan of Arc—ah, there 'queens of power and caprice—how consumingly proud they were, how gloating as destiny closed in on them. The sorceress, how she laughingly gleamed in her daring dazzling impotence of dress. The iris blends shimmered around her.

Thus do our lovely Stokes autumn trees celebrate their passing—the glamorous Madam-ciselle Maple in carmine and gold; the oomph Senorita Ash, dressed in the delicate shades of the November coppice; the demure Miss Sweetgum, charming denizen of the dell—all blushing from the kiss of death.

Soon their nude forms whipped by the pitiless wind, bitten by the enexorable frosts, will quiver in the embrace of fate.

Then solitude and desolation, moaning through the winter woods.

HAIL, VICTORY

Triumphant over the yellow seas waves the star-spangled banner—emblem of civilization, Christianity and the inalienable rights of man.

Food for the fishes, thirty thousand yellow rats float through the swirling waters of the Solomon ocean.

Scrap for Davy Jones' locker, lie on the bottom of the deep 23 Jap ships of the line, part of the great yellow armada sent out to recapture the Solomons. Many other Jap vessels were badly damaged, some of them no doubt sunk.

It was a great battle—greatest since Scapa Flow when the British and Germans shot it out in the north sea in 1916.

The victory of the Americans, taken in connection with the African victories of the allies, is proclaimed as the turning point in the terrible war.

God grant this may be so.

While 200,000 American and British soldiers are marching on Tunisia, and Rommel the Hun general is breaking all speed records to get out of their way, the Russians are holding still at Stalingrad and waiting for the inevitable weakening of the German front to drive forward.

Thus on all fronts are the forces of righteousness driving back the beasts who would enslave free men.

This newspaper has said the war will be won by Easter, 1943.

We see no reason at this time to revise our prognostication.

PATRICK COUNTY JAILS THE JAPS

Leon Powells of Stuart, Va., came through Danbury last week driving a huge truck loaded with steel for the Jap junk pile at Winston-Salem.

It was one of a number of other trucks that hauled the old Patrick county jail now scrapped.

The old structure, now replaced by a modern prison, was built 50 years ago.

Patrick county, though belonging to another State, is a sister of Stokes—made up of the same type of 100 per cent. pure Americans, ready to fiddle or fight. Take your choice.

It was from Patrick that gallant J. E. B. Stuart the great Confederate cavalry leader, came, and in Jackson's division was as brave and picturesque as any knight of medieval days, or back when the English farmers twisted the magna charter out of King John's reluctant fingers.

I used to delight in listening to Capt. Taylor and Dr. Abe Jones as they told of the deathless deeds of these great soldiers in Northern Virginia.

Patrick is the home of swell folk, of uncontaminated patriotism, buckwheat and other swell things.

May that old Patrick jail be the undoing of swarms of the yellow rats as they feel the stings of the righteous fury of civilized people.

BUYING BONDS

It is a pleasure to know that the sale of war bonds in Stokes goes on with increasing momentum.

Farmers have money and they are buying, loading up on the finest and safest investment in the world.

The bonds are of the same safeness as the money in your wallet.

Neither one of these would be worth the paper they are printed on if we lost the war. Our loss of the war is unthinkable. To better insure it, buy bonds and you will in the days to come be happy over your good judgment.

In case you should need money you can borrow on them as collateral at any bank, or you may cash them in.

Buy bonds and help in the fight for victory.

Attorney J. M. Sharp, here today from Reidsville, says Rockingham people bought \$600,000 of bonds in October and expect November to beat that.

D. V. CARROLL

Many years ago Mr. Carroll lived in Danbury with his good family.

He was Register of Deeds for several terms. He was universally loved by our people. His memory lives yet warm in our hearts. He was public spirited, always at the front of movements for the people's betterment, was a leader in church and Sunday school work and always interested in the social activities.

In his death Stokes county has lost one of its best beloved and most useful citizens.

PLEASE MAKE UP SOME PINS

Many people would be glad if the government would melt a car load or two of that Kentucky gold into pins.

Many folks, both male and female, need pins to hold things up.